

The Comical Historie of

There is some ill a bruie towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beseech you sir goe, my young Master
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clowne. And they have conspired together, I will not say you
shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that
my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday last, at fixe a clocke ith
morning, falling out that yeere on ashtwenfday was foure yeare in
th'afternoone.

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,
Locke up my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fisse,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete,
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnish't faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By *Jacobs* staffe I sweare,
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
Say I will come. *Clowne.* I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewes eye.

Shy. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* off-spring? ha.

Ies. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profir, and he sleepes by day
More then the wilde-Cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to wast
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediatly,
Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast finde.
A Proverbe never stale in thrifftie minde.

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, you a daughter lost.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salerino.

Grat. This is the penthouse under which *Lorenzo*,
Desired us to make stand. *Saler.* His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvell he out-dwells his houre,
For Lovers ever runne before the clocke.

Saler. O tenne times faster *Venus* pigeons flye
To scale Loves bonds new made, then they are wont,
To keepe obliged faith unforfeited.

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth untread againe
His tedious measures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoyd.

How like a younger, or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her native Bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
How like the Prodigall doth she returne
With over-weatherd ribbs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Saler. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires, have made you waite:
When you shall please to play the theeves for wives,
Ile watch as long for you then: approach,
Here dwells my Father Jew. Hoe, whose within?

Iessica above.

Ies. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy Love.

Ies. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my Love indeed,
For who love I so much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witnesse that thou art.

Ies. Here catch this Casker, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:

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But